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5 inches	8.00	10.00	15.00	18.00	23.00
6 inches	10.00	12.00	18.00	23.00	28.00
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AN exchange says: Until recently sugar cane was looked upon as practically worthless also, and was permitted to go to waste by the thousands of tons. In pursuing some investigations a short time ago for the purpose of discovering, if possible, whether the fiber of the cane could not be used in the manufacture of bagging, a gentleman found properties which convinced him that paper could be made of the stalk if suitable machinery could be devised for reducing it to a pulp. After many discouragements the task was accomplished, and of the first batch of pulp manufactured, a Northern paper mill recently made enough sugar cane paper to print one edition of the New Orleans Picayune. A copy of the paper now in hand is substantial and tough, with fair color and smooth surfaces. It is claimed for it that it will be specially desirable for use on fast printing presses, and that its manufacture, which is now regarded as a permanent enterprise, will add largely to the wealth of Louisiana, as well as tend still further to simplify the problem of paper making.

A STRANGE phenomenon occurred during a storm on a recent evening in the vicinity of the Board of Trade tower-light, in Chicago. It was none other than a shower of birds. The next morning when the watchman made his rounds at daylight he found the sidewalks and streets in front of the tower fairly covered with dead birds of all sorts. A little later the electrician came down, and when he saw the great pile of birds he said that it was the electric light at the top of the tower. When he went up to the lantern with several members of the Board of Trade, the roof was found to be covered with dead birds, and each of the lamps in the big circle of light was filled with them; one globe had eight birds in it, two being still alive. These birds were of every known variety, and many unknown, or rather unfamiliar, species were among the lot. All shades and colors were there, scarlet, blue, pink, red, canary, mottled black and white, and there were some snipe and plovers among them. The theory is that they were migratory flocks, going from south to north, and were attracted by the great light, which the moment they touched killed them. The birds were all of the small species, the snipe being the largest, and this kind usually fly lower than ducks and geese, about 300 feet high. The great light is just at that height, and accounts for the destruction of the birds. There were millions of them, enough to trim all the ladies' hats in Illinois.

THE magnificent Castle of Windsor was built by Edward III. (1327-1377), and his method of conducting the work may serve as a specimen of the condition of the people in that age. Instead of engaging men by contract and wages he engaged every county in England to send him a certain number of masons, tilers, and carpenters, as if he had been levying the army.

WOMEN formerly had a pocket in the fore part of their stays in which, according to Stevens, they carried not only love letters and love tokens, but even their money and materials for needle-work.

The Crown Pine of Germany has twenty-two decorations.

Be Warned

In time. Kidney diseases may be prevented by purifying, renewing, and invigorating the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When, through debility, the action of the kidneys is perverted, these organs rob the blood of its needed constituent, albumen, which is passed off in the urine, while worn out matter, which they should carry off from the blood, is allowed to remain. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the kidneys are restored to proper action, and Albuminuria, or

Bright's Disease

is prevented. Ayer's Sarsaparilla also prevents inflammation of the kidneys, and other disorders of these organs. Mrs. Jas. W. Weld, Forest Hill st., Jamaica Plain, Mass., writes: "I have had a complication of diseases, but my greatest trouble has been with my kidneys. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla made me feel like a new person; as well and strong as ever." W. M. McDonald, 46 Summer st., Boston, Mass., had been troubled for years with Kidney Complaint. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, he not only

Forward.

Push on, brave heart, nor yet despair,
Though dark and dreary seem the way,
Thy sun will shine from skies as fair
As ever graced the coming day.
And ever keep before thine eyes
The heroes of the mighty past;
Think how they struggled for the prize,
And thou shalt surely win at last.

Push on, as some brave swimmers do,
Over storm-capped waves of life,
Strike out against the undertow,
And come off victor in the strife.
Push on, and win a lasting name
The nations of the earth among,
Nor stoop to use as steps to fame
Thy fellow-men who round you throng.

Push on, and when thou gain'st the day,
Remember those brave words of mine;
Bear up beneath each darkened ray,
Thy sun is waiting but to shine
With tenfold glory from above.
That hour is darkest next the dawn,
Success is certain. Do not fear,
But let the watchword be—Push on.

—Jack Gardner in Detroit Free Press.

THE SQUIRE'S APPLES.

"Such pretty apples!" cried Linnet Dessoir, ecstatically. "With red cheeks, just as if a fairy pencil had painted them, and delicious, bloomy streaks here and there! I should like to copy them on a plaque or a panel or something, if only one could be sure of reproducing those delicate tints of rose and white!"

"Well, I declare!" said Rose Hebron, the country cousin, whom she was visiting, laughing with a merry, thrush-like laugh, as the two girls sat on a moss-named boulder under the boughs of the lady-apple-tree, with here and there a yellow leaf fluttering dreamily down at their feet. "Who would dream of such a poetical description applying to the apples that grow in Squire Sandford's orchard?"

"Wasn't it good of him to allow us to gather them?" said Linnet, trimming the side-leaves off a lovely branch of yellow golden-rod.

"I shall not believe that they are absolutely yours though," declared Rose, "until I see them in the old apple-bin at home."

"Why not?"

"Oh, Squire Sandford is eccentric!" Rose answered, carelessly.

"Cecid? Is that his name?"

"Yes. Isn't it an odd relic of the Saxon times?" laughed Rose.

"It's a very romantic name," remarked Linnet, wrinkling her brows in pretty consideration of the epithet.

"It isn't romantic," observed Rose.

"Isn't he? But why not?"

"He's so old! Thirty, at least!" Rose responded, with an emphatic nod of the head.

"Horrid ogre!" said Linnet, who was in her seventeenth year. "Come, Rosey, let's go home. I'm as hungry as a cannibal! Gathering apples is such hard work!"

She skipped ahead, with her yellow tresses floating behind, like stray strands of sunshine, and her white dress rustling over the drifts of perfumed leaves that carpeted the path.

Rose followed, with affectionate eyes of admiration.

"What is the difference between me and Linnet?" she asked herself. "My dress is white also; my hair is as golden as hers. Why is it that she is like a dancing sprite—I, a plodding human being?"

Poor little Rose! She did not realize that Linnet Dessoir had grown up in an altogether different atmosphere; that Linnet had unconsciously modeled her dress from the graceful robes which her father, the artist, kept to drape his lay-figures; that her eye had been trained, her taste cultured, in every possible point.

"He's only a poor struggling artist!" Farmer Hebron had been wont contemptuously to observe, when he saw his brother-in-law's name among the lists specially honored by the Academy of Design.

"He's a good fellow enough," Eugene Dessoir airily remarked, when his agricultural connection happened to be mentioned. "But he hasn't an idea beyond his own fat cattle! He don't live; he only vegetates!"

Linnet, however, the bright, motherless young beauty, was a great favorite of the kind-hearted Hebrons; and when she had so enthusiastically admired the beautiful pink-and-white lady-apples on Squire Sandford's tree, Mr. Hebron had gone so far out of his way to ask the squire for a barrel.

"Just to please the little girl," said he. "She thinks a deal of pretty things."

"She is quite welcome," said Squire Sandford, with formal politeness. "If you will send a barrel to the tree to-morrow, Mr. Hebron, it shall be filled for your niece."

And when the squire said this he pictured in his mind's eye the aforesaid niece as a romp of eleven or twelve, with shingled hair, freckles and preternatural long arms.

All might long Linnet Dessoir dreamed of the lady-apples, and when the sun rose, a sphere of rubied fire, above the eastern hills, she jumped out of bed and dressed herself with haste.

"I can't sleep another minute," said she. "It's just the very sort of morning to walk out across the woods and look at the lady-apple-tree, with the little spring gushing out so close to its roots, and the blue asters, and thickets of golden-rod, by the stone fence. I won't wake Rosey. She was up late last night, putting in

bells on the quince jelly. I'll let her sleep, and go by myself!"

But Miss Hebron was no more of a laggard in the morning than was her city cousin. At seven precisely she knocked at Linnet's door, but the bird had flown.

"How provoking!" said Rose. "But I'll follow her. She must have gone to try to make that sketch of the old mossy rock close to the lady-apple tree! I wonder if she knows that my father has pastured Ajax in the adjoining field?"

"Ajax" was a savage, beautiful bull, who was at once the pride and torment of Farmer Hebron, and a thrill of terror came into Rose's heart as she made all speed to follow the dewy track of Linnet's footsteps over the grass.

As she reached the belt of woods close to the apple-orchard, she paused in dismay at the sound of a sweet, high pitched voice.

"It's Linnet!" she involuntarily exclaimed. "And she's scolding somebody. Dear me, whom can it be? Surely not Ajax!"

"You are a thief!" she could hear Linnet exclaim—"a robber! Let that barrel of apples alone, I say. I don't care whether you are Squire Sandford or not. That barrel of apples is mine!"

And as Rose drew near, she could see this dimpled young Amazon resolutely defending the barrel of apples, with her single strength, against Squire Sandford and his stoutest farm laborer.

She stood there, with one slight hand on the red-checked fruit, which was brimming over the barrel-hoops, and before her tall squire and his herculean aid-de-camp were helpless.

"If you will allow me to explain—" pacifically began the squire.

"I will allow nothing!" declared Linnet. "I repeat, these apples are mine! Touch them, at your peril!"

Thus far the young heroine was a conqueror. But alas! in that very moment of victory Nemesis was at hand. There was the dull sound of trampling hoofs, then a sudden bellow, and Ajax himself, bursting through a weak spot in the fence, was upon them.

Linnet Dessoir collapsed, so to speak, at once. She forgot her heroism, her dignity—everything but her danger, and flew, for rescue, to Squire Sandford, shrieking:

"Save me! save me!"

The farm-hand dogged behind the wagon; but Squire Sandford never quailed, but held her resolutely in his arms.

"Do not be afraid," he said, almost as if he had been speaking to a frightened child. "Nothing shall harm you, little one!"

For an instant, things took very black; then Squire Sandford spoke gently once more.

"Do not hold my arm so tightly," said he. "Let me get at my revolver. I must shoot the brute! No, don't be so terrified. Do not you hear me say that nothing should harm you?"

And then the problem resolved itself, as problems often do. Ajax, butting his huge head against the barrel of lady-apples, sent them rolling in all directions, and caught his horns in the barrel itself, effectually blinding him. He set off at a wild gallop down the hill, bellowing as he went, and there he met his fate in the shape of two or three men with a running noose of rope and a good stout chain.

"Hello, pet!" shouted Farmer Hebron's voice. "What's the matter? She hasn't fainted, has she, squire?"

And Linnet, realizing that she was safe, blushing withdrew from Mr. Sandford's sheltering arms, and ran to her uncle.

"I am so much obliged to you, sir," she whispered. "And please—please don't mind what I said about the apples. You are quite welcome to them."

"Hey! Apples!" said Mr. Hebron. "Why, Linnet didn't you know that I carted the barrel of apples that the squire gave you home last night?"

Linnet grew crimson all over, and fled to Rose's faithful breast for consolation.

"I shall never dare to look that man in the face again," she bewailed herself.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear, what must he have thought of me!"

But of course Mr. Sandford considered it only right and proper to call that evening, and inquire how Miss Dessoir found herself; and really the meeting was not half as embarrassing as Linnet had fancied it would be.

They had a good laugh about Ajax and the apples; and Linnet confessed how dreadfully frightened she had been.

"And with reason," said Squire Sandford. "There was a second or two in which we were in very serious danger."

"But you will forgive me about the apples?" said Linnet, with pretty, coaxing earnestness.

"Oh, yes, I will forgive you about the apples!" Squire Sandford laughingly returned.

And in that moment Linnet thought what a very pretty color his eyes were, decided that he couldn't possibly be thirty years old.

"Isn't it strange?" said Rose Hebron, "that we have lived neighbor to Squire Sandford all these years, and he has never been more than ordinarily polite to me? And here comes Linnet, and quarrels with him at five minutes' notice, and calls him all sorts of names, and now

they are engaged to be married, and I am to be the bridesmaid."

"Not at all strange!" said Miss Dessoir. "To me it seems as nice and natural as possible. But you are mistaken about his age, Rosey. He is only twenty-nine. And if he were a hundred and twenty-nine, I should love him all the same."

"Of course," said Rose; "that is what all engaged girls say."—Helen Forest Grove.

Turkish Public Amusements.

The public amusements of the Turks consist of *mevdan-ı-yono*, *kara-göç*, and the *meddah*. *Meydan-ı-yono* is a sort of low burlesque, acted by men only and without a stage, the changing of costumes being effected behind a temporary screen. The *kara-göç* is the Turkish "Punch and Judy," rendered in shadows, a white sheet being stretched across one of the angles of the room diagonally, forming the base of a triangle, behind which the performer takes his stand, and by the force of a strong light casts the "shadows of coming events" on the sheet. And the *meddah* is the famous story-teller of the East. The absence of works of fiction, and the general ignorance of the people, who do not even know how to read, make the narratives of the *meddahs* quite acceptable to the public, who flock to hear them for pastime, for the love of the marvellous is too powerful in the warm and imaginative nature of the people of that sunny clime to remain without some development. Hence their popularity. Then, again, these *meddahs* are not destitute of dramatic power, entrancing their attentive audiences by the magnificence of highly wrought fiction, exaggerated description, and effective mimicry. Indeed, some of them have acquired a renown for their specialty. *Kiz-Ahmed*, or *Lady Ahmed*, is so named on account of his successful ability in "taking off" the ladies, and *Pajemin* is noted for the "pathetic." They exercise certain *coup de theatre* of their own, and are by the excited fancies of the people invested with a semi-divine power, as they condense into a passing hour the scenes of an eventful life, or detail the enchantments of fairydom. In fact, these *meddahs* occupy the Oriental *lecture hall*, and on festive occasions provide a most welcome part of the entertainment. Their tales, generally vulgar, to suit public taste, are often not devoid of some good moral, and their comicallities hold up some popular vice to public derision.—Harper's Bazar.

In an African Forest.

At this juncture the native guides arrived, having followed in our footsteps, anxious to see the result of our self-guidance. Wishing to transfer my responsibility to other shoulders I offered them a present of cloth if they would lead us through the trackless forests to the precincts of Rombo; whence I knew we could find our way unaided to Taveita. They consented and once more we entered the dusky woods, following a zigzag course by means of the rough paths which elephants had just made. Often the long-stemmed flowers, and crushed stained grass would be slowly rising erect again from the prostrate position into which they had been trampled by the feet of the clumsy proboscideans, these lords of the forest who had just preceded us. Indeed, from time to time they would make their presence known by sonorous trumpeting, but as they were quite aware of our proximity they took good care to conceal their huge bodies. The undergrowth was so dense that you might have touched an elephant in your gropings before you saw him; but above this dense tangle of six or seven feet in height rose the straight smooth trunks of superb trees; indeed, the timber I saw here was exceptionally fine. The gloom of the forest was intensified by the enormous masses of orchilla-weed which grew thickly on the upper branches of the trees, in such a manner as to suggest a gray, green cloth being thrown over the foliage. The density of the woodland growth was almost appalling; we felt like insects creeping and twining through the interstices of the mighty trunks. As we preferred to go whither the elephants had forced a way, our course was naturally an erratic one, and several times the men lay down in despair to pant and rest.—H. H. Johnston.

An Executive Session.

She was the daughter of a Senator and her sweetheart had been to see her every night for some time. Her father became somewhat alarmed, and this morning he called her into his study.

"Well, papa," she said sweetly, "you sent for me. What is it?"

"My dear daughter," he replied, "I believe Mr. Blank has been to see you every night for some time past?"

"Yes, papa."

"And he was here last night?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, daughter, I want to know what occurred between you during your protracted interview in the parlor. I ask it, my child, because I have special reasons for wishing to know."

"Dear papa," replied the girl with tears in her eyes, "I do not doubt your right to ask what occurred there; but, papa, it was an executive session; and, papa, you would not have me divulge the secrets of such a meeting, would you?"

The old man never said a word in reply.—Washington Critic.

PENSION CLAIMS.

Something About the Work of Special Examiners.

How the Investigation of Claims to Pensions is Conducted.

A special examiner of the United States pension office says in a letter to the Detroit Tribune: The duty of these 105 special examiners is the preparation of cases sent to them from the pension office for final adjudication, by the personal examination of witnesses, examination of records, etc. This is at times a very delicate and important work, and it often requires not a little detective skill, although it is not at all a distinctively detective branch of the government service. Probably no more perfect system of checks and guards has ever been devised in the transaction of the business of a vast government bureau than that in force in the United States pension office. Every claim passes through many hands in many different branches of the establishment and in a force so large it is almost an impossibility for collusion in the office to exist and it is next to impossible to pass a claim through the office by the fraud of the office. Still the number of fraudulent claims passed through every year is simply astounding. This condition of things arises from the fact that the most experienced and most honest clerk may be duped by false testimony submitted in the support of false and fraudulent claims. This is comparatively easy where the testimony is *ex parte*. These all sorts are ingeniously manufactured by the persons interested, or by unscrupulous attorneys whose income depends upon the number of cases which they are able to get through during the year. As an illustration of this I may recall the fact that in the eleven months of 1887 forty-seven persons were convicted and sent to prison by the United States court in Detroit, from the city of Detroit alone, for fraudulent practices in connection with pension cases, and one man acted as the attorney in nearly all of these cases, although it was impossible to prove that he had any personal connection with these frauds. At this time nearly, if not all, of the dishonest claim agencies have been rooted out, and the business has of late years become systematized, and is so thoroughly regulated that no claim agent may now even send out a circular to the soldiers without first submitting to the commissioner of pensions a copy of the circular or circular letter for his approval.

As an illustration of the absolute honesty of some of the old-timers I may be pardoned for referring to a case which came under my official observation. I was ordered to investigate a case in southern New York where the similarity in the signatures in a case had attracted the attention of the department. Reaching the little town I called upon the agent, who with greatunction assured me that he was as "straight as a string," and I was inclined to believe him until I discovered that of thirteen witnesses eleven reposed quietly in the village cemetery; that of the other two one had never read the affidavit but had simply signed it at the request of the agent, and the other was his wife. Under such circumstances I was forced to change my mind. This conviction was somewhat strengthened when I called on the applicant, who of course had no idea what my business was, and who assured me that he was "quite well, I thank you," and able to "hog his row" with the best man on his magnificent farm of 200 acres. I am aware that there is a natural feeling of resentment against the special agents on account of their peculiarly inquiring turn of mind, but I think I can speak of the matter dispassionately from the fact that I have not been connected with the pension office in several years, and I believe them to be useful, if not almost indispensable, under the existing laws. There is one grave error popularly entertained relative to them, and that is to the effect that they are the enemies of the soldier. This is not true. Many of them are old soldiers, and in all cases where an agent or examiner finds a case which he believes to be all right his business is to complete the claim. Let us suppose a case: John Smith has applied for a pension; he has exhausted his resources both as to finances and witnesses; he can produce no more proofs as to his claim; the case is too good to be rejected, and not good enough to be allowed; a special examiner is in his immediate neighborhood; all papers are referred to him, and with an educated and keen mind he sees at a glance the weak points, initiates inquiries, finds a clue, follows it, and probably forever establishes the case. Another case in point: A soldier's widow is a pensioner; it is asserted that she has remarried, but there is no record evidence of it and she continues to draw her pension; a complaint is made; an agent is put in possession of all the papers in the case which have been filed in the pension office; he visits the locality, inquires perhaps, and if he does not succeed in reaching the facts it will be an exceptional case. These special examinations are prolific of much that affords subject for subsequent reflection, for amusement and for sympathy. The special agent becomes familiar with the whole history of church quarrels, with

neighborhood differences and with family broils. He is entirely disinterested; he stands between the government and the soldier. His record depends not upon the number of cases he "kills," but upon the industry, fidelity, and skill he displays in ascertaining the exact facts. Of course at times his work is of the most delicate nature, requiring skillful cross-examination and the ability to follow to a logical conclusion suggestions furnished by very slight clues, or he may run across a case where from some cause it is impossible to obtain testimony. He may become familiar with the facts, may be morally certain of them, but unless he can establish them by sworn testimony he will have failed, and no matter how thoroughly he may be convinced of what justice demands, the department will not act upon simple statements, even when made by its own most trusted agent.

A Dramatic Spectacle.

During a sojourn in New York of the writer when a youth in his teens, a very tragic event occurred which was as melodramatic in its inception as in its ending. This was the terrible murder in 1843 of Adams, by Colt, in a building which yet stands on Chambers street and Broadway. Colt, who was a brother or near relative of Samuel Colt, the inventor of revolving pistols, was an impecunious individual who led a desultory life. He induced Mr. Adams to call on him at his room in the third story of the Chambers street section of the building. Adams' body emerged only as a frightfully-mutilated corpse in a dry goods packing box. He was killed and stowed away after the manner in which Dr. Parkman was disposed of by Dr. Webster. The box containing Adams' remains was directed to some person out of the city and sent to a railroad station. Colt was, through a chain of circumstantial evidence, convicted and sentenced to be hung November 19 of that year. Through the wealth and influence of his relatives great efforts were made to save him, but to no effect. The hour for his execution in the yard of the City Tombs was 4 o'clock a. m. It was a dark, gloomy day and the atmosphere was peculiarly chilling, yet such was the excitement prevailing in the entire city that all the streets in the vicinity of the prison were packed with curious crowds. That portion of Leonard street the houses of which overlooked the prison were sent a singular and exciting spectacle. Every window and balcony was filled, and the roofs of the houses were densely covered with spectators. A few minutes before 4 o'clock a dense smoke was seen to issue from the prison yard and the alarm was given: "The Tombs is on fire!" The excitement was terrific and it was not lessened by the announcement that Colt had killed himself by stabbing. The statement was almost incredible, and when his body was borne out and delivered to his friends, thousands believed that it was a sham suicide, and that the criminal escaped through the power of money and bribery of officers. It was even subsequently stated that he had been seen in Europe.—Boston Budget.

Filial Fidelity in the Bee.

A writer in the American Bee Journal relates the following incident in the introduction of queens, which shows the filial instincts in this wonderful little insect: "Last fall, while putting my colonies in order for wintering, they were carried, one by one, a few yards from the summer stands, and the frames removed, boxes cleaned, etc.; the bees adhering to one hive were poured on the ground with the scrapings from the hive, and the queen with them. Shortly after the colony had been replaced upon its stand robbing began, thus indicating something wrong with the queen. Her hive was closed until sundown and visited early the next morning—a light frost having fallen—when it occurred to me that the queen might be found where the bees had been poured out the morning before—about twenty-four hours previous; and there to my amazement, was a cone-shaped cluster of bees as large as a tea-cup, and in the center of it was the queen, cold and stiff. I taking her to a fire, in a few minutes she was restored to activity; and, on lifting the cushion over the bees and presenting her, the first thing even before she left the fingers, a bee 'gave her to eat'; and thereupon, almost instantly, a joyful hum passed through the hive; and, quicker than it can be told, dead bees were carried out, and defensive warfare against robbers began.

The fidelity exhibited in protecting their mother on that frosty night, and the joy manifested on her safe return home, are worthy of our imitation.

A Foreign Language.

Wife (putting down a novel)—"I wish that I could speak some foreign language; I wouldn't much care which one."

Husband—"I find it to be an advantage."

Wife—"What?"

Husband—"Speaking a foreign language, of course."

Wife—"You speak a foreign?"

Husband—"Yes."

Wife—"I didn't know it before. What language?"

Husband—"English, England is a foreign country. What's the matter with you?"—Arkansas Traveler.

Be Warned

In time. Kidney diseases may be prevented by purifying, renewing, and invigorating the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When, through debility, the action of the kidneys is perverted, these organs rob the blood of its needed constituent, albumen, which is passed off in the urine, while worn out matter, which they should carry off from the blood, is allowed to remain. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the kidneys are restored to proper action, and Albuminuria, or

Bright's Disease

is prevented. Ayer's Sarsaparilla also prevents inflammation of the kidneys, and other disorders of these organs. Mrs. Jas. W. Weld, Forest Hill st., Jamaica Plain, Mass., writes: "I have had a complication of diseases, but my greatest trouble has been with my kidneys. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla made me feel like a new person; as well and strong as ever." W. M. McDonald, 46 Summer st., Boston, Mass., had been troubled for years with Kidney Complaint. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, he not only

Prevented

the disease from assuming a fatal form, but was restored to perfect health. John McLellan, cor. Bridge and Third sts., Lowell, Mass., writes: "For several years I suffered from Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint, the latter being so severe at times that I could scarcely attend to my work. My appetite was poor, and my health was much impaired; but by using

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

my appetite and digestion improved, and my health has been perfectly restored."

Sold by all Druggists.

Price \$1; Six bottles, \$5.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.